

The Religious Inquirer

AND GOSPEL ANCHOR.

Devoted to the Exposition, Defence and Promulgation of the Christian Religion.

'THOU BRINGEST CERTAIN STRANGE THINGS TO OUR EARS—WE WOULD KNOW, THEREFORE, WHAT THESE THINGS MEAN.'

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A SERMON,

Delivered at Pequonic on the occasion of the death of
Miss Louisa S. Griswold.

BY R. O. WILLIAMS.

Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. Job, xiii. 15.

It is not the mere purpose of paying our vows to the blessed Creator and Father of all—not to unite our voices in rapturous songs of praise, and expressions of fervent gratitude to the kind Benefactor of men, for the rich blessings he has bestowed upon us—that has called us together on the present occasion. A subject of a sad and solemn nature, and one that more deeply affects the social relations of life, now claims our undivided attention. We are painfully reminded of the frailty and uncertain tenure of our present state, and our dependence upon something other than a mere arm of flesh. There are ties dis severed, there are friendships broken, the breaking up of which inflicts the deepest wounds upon many a fond and confiding heart. We look back over a few fleeting days, and behold, in the bloom of youth and vigor of health, one who now sleeps in the dust of the earth. We almost hear that voice so rich with affection, and behold that eye, kindling with the fire of genius, which gave promise of so much enjoyment to surrounding friends. How many hallowed recollections are awakened by a retrospect of a few brief days! Alas! that tongue is mute, that eye is closed in the mysterious sleep of death, and that countenance has lost its rosy bloom. A father mourns, a mother weeps, brothers and sisters lament; kindred and friends commingle their voices in plaintive notes to sing the sad requiem of departed worth. This, however, is but a single instance of

— the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame.

And while we remember with emotions of joy and thankfulness that 'the Lord gave,' we are also called upon, in devout resignation to the allotments of providence, to acknowledge, without a murmur, that 'the Lord taketh away.'

It was a holy submission of the will of heaven,

it was the exercise of devout piety and unshaken confidence in the Being who holds in his hands the destinies of men, that drew from the most patient man the language of my text. Such was his estimate of the divine character, and such his confidence in the wisdom and goodness of the Father in whom he trusted, that, amidst the vicissitudes and fluctuations of life—its sorrows and calamities he remained unmoved, and 'was strong in faith giving glory to God.' He had received such unspeakable blessings, and such unqualified testimonies of divine favor, in the sunny days of his prosperity; that, when the scene was changed and the clouds of adversity began to gather, and thicken, and blacken around him—when, in fact, they burst with tremendous violence upon his unsheltered head, in several successive calamities, even then he could not relinquish his hope, nor curse the hand that blessed him. Assured of protection, he saw through the gloom and knew that the storm would soon pass & be succeeded by a brighter and more joyful day. 'I know,' says he, 'that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.'

There is an example in the conduct of this individual, whether he was a real person, or only the hero of fiction, that is certainly worthy of our imitation. If we would take a comprehensive survey of the extent of divine goodness and duly appreciate the blessings we are daily and hourly receiving, we should soon acquire such confidence in the great dispenser of good, as would not be shaken by the clouds of sorrow, and the storms and misfortunes of life. We might soon learn by sweet experience that 'blessed is the man whose hope is in the Lord.' It is a contracted view of the administration of divine providence, which induces that 'peevish poor complaining' so frequent in the earth. When amidst the storm and the whirlwind, we behold a faint gleam of that light that presages a calmer heaven and better days; though we may lament the desolations of the tempest, yet we do not mourn 'as those who have no hope.' Constituted as we are with susceptibilities of social enjoyment, it would be brutal not to mourn the loss of those who are endeared to us by the ties of affection and consanguinity; but that sorrow would be tempered and chastened, and rendered far less intense by an unwavering trust in the Father of all mercies.

It is truly a 'vale of tears,' in which we live? No one is exempt from a share of the common miseries incident to this mortal existence. Every day of our lives brings to view some new scene of distress—some disappointment of our hopes—

some friendship betrayed—some confidence misplaced—some cruel act of base ingratitude—some towering tree of luxuriant growth torn by the relentless gale, or some tender plant cut down by the fatal shafts of death. The dreaded 'king of terrors' is often cruel in his advances, selecting the fairest flowers as the objects of his fearful sport. No age, nor sex, nor condition is secure from his approach. Even the greatest profusion and elaboration of beauty are destined but for a single day! We part, for a brief period, with those we love, ardent in our expectations of meeting them again in a little season; but, perchance tomorrow's passing breeze bears to our ears the sad tidings of their departure to the land of shadows. We pore in painful remembrance over the joys we have shared with them, until awakened by the solemn reality that these and they are now forever gone. But their image is left indelibly impressed upon the tablet of our memory. There are, without doubt, many here present—and some too who are far away and cannot be here to 'weep with those that weep'—who, in truth, can adopt the language of the poet, in application to the young female whose sudden exit they now lament.

'Eternity will not efface,
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace!
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last.'

And parents in the 'sad solemnity of woe' will exclaim,

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And virtue's light, that beamed beyond the spheres,
But like the sun eclipsed at morning tide,
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.
The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care;
So decked the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,
So from it ravished, leaves it bleak and bare.

I need not here, attempt to eulogize the virtuous dead; nor need I ask whether the young and tender female who now rests in the icy arms of death was prepared to appear in the presence of her Maker. I cannot so impeach the character of God as to suppose he would call her hence when unprepared to die, knowing that her departure in such a state would prove her endless ruin. These things therefore may be passed by in silence; and we may rest in the assurance that in the hands of a just and merciful Father, it is well with her.—It is far better to fix our attention upon those things which will impart consolation and assuage the grief of those who mourn her untimely death.

If then we are made subject to sorrow and affliction in our present existence—if 'man, that is born of a woman, is of few days and full of trouble'—if 'he goeth to his long home and the mourn-

ers go about the streets'—it is no small satisfaction, that we are not left without the hope that a brighter day will dawn upon us. God has given us unquestionable evidence that the mortal life we here enjoy, is not all we shall ever have of existence. The many tokens of his favor, the unspeakable gifts of providence, and the fulfilment of his promise in the bestowment of temporal blessings—these are no trifling evidence of the final accomplishment of that better covenant which brought life and immortality to light through the gospel, and gave the promise of a blessing to all mankind. The word of God is passed, and cannot return void. And the prospect presented by this pledge of divine goodness cannot but exercise a happy influence in soothing the sorrows of our present state. Assured that the gate of death is but the opening passage to a more glorious and enduring theatre of life, we can feel that confidence and resignation, which drew, from the patient man, the words of my text—'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;' for with this assurance, we can discover, in 'all partial evil, universal good.'

Miserable indeed would be our present life, if all hope were confined within its narrow limits. Whatever may be our condition in life, we look forward to a period when we shall attain to something better. If prosperity be our lot, we hope for greater—and if adversity, we still hope for better days. Nor is it a mere idle curiosity that asks, where are they who have gone the way of all the living? Even when death lays his palsy-hand upon us, we still cherish the hope that life with us will not be forever extinguished.

'Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.'

Keen indeed must be the stroke of fate that severs the dearest ties of affection and friendship—keen and bitter to those who see in death nothing but a dreary, blank oblivion. There may be those who can arm themselves with the principles of a false philosophy, and look at death with a cold and stoical indifference; but they certainly pervert the principles of our common nature. They are among the monstrous deviations from the established order of things—nature's crudities—and, though they belong to the human species, yet partake none of the common feelings of our race. And however sincere may be their intentions, yet very unfortunate are they in the selection of means for the 'promotion of human happiness, when they attempt to inculcate the principles of universal scepticism. Why should they wish to tear away the foundation of that hope of future life, which, even though it were false, can do no one any hurt, and may do much good? If it is connected with the fearful dreams of endless woe, then wake us from these unreal and unpleasant visions; but do—I ask it with a tear—do let the hope remain of re-uniting with those we love in a better and happier world. It is cruel—nay brutal, to take away this last comfort of the dying man and his surviving friends.

What are life, and love, and friendship, and affection without the hope of enjoying them in a purer and more enduring state? Ask again what are they? And echo only answers, *what are*

they? But sad experience would tell us that they are mere names, fancies, fooleries, implements of torture, given but to tantalize us for a little season, and then involve us in disappointment and despair! 'Live while you do live,' the infidel would say; but oh! who could cherish those tender sympathies, or cultivate those fond affections that intertwine with every fibre of the heart, if these must be dissolved forever by the stroke of death? How fearful is the attachment of friends and the ties of love, if this life is their only sphere of enjoyment!

O thou, whose thoughts have no blest home above!
Captive of earth! and canst thou dare to love?
To nurse those feelings which delight to rest
Within that hallowed shrine—a parent's breast,
To fix each hope—concentrate every tie
On one frail idol—destined but to die;
Yet mock the faith that points to worlds of light
Where severed souls, made perfect, re-unite?

Nay, who would have a heart to wish for those high and holy attachments that unite mankind in social compact—those dear associations that cluster so delightfully around the sacred names of parent, friend and brother, if all these must vanish away forever with the perishing of the mortal part of man? Oh! if death is an eternal sleep who would not flee from society and become an anchorite indeed, or a hardened misanthrope, that there might be fewer ties to be broken, and fewer pains to be endured when the thread of life is cut asunder? Even the most relentless 'philosopher' in the school of scepticism cannot be so cruel as to tear away the hope of future life, so fondly cherished in the breast of man—the blasting of which would be more fatal, than to take the pound of flesh, nearest the heart, demanded by Shylock, the barbarous Jew!

On the supposition that the French atheists were correct in their declaration—'*there is no God, and death is an eternal sleep*'—what is man?—What but the most inscrutable mystery?—a collection of the most singular phenomena, and yet unaccountable contradictions? Why dreams he of heaven, if there is no heaven for him?—Whence came the dear deluding dream? Why does he desire life, and why hope for happiness beyond the grave, if there are no life and no happiness in reservation for him? Whence came these strong desires and ardent hopes? Why do they not as well pertain to beasts as man, if both alike are doomed to the same annihilation? Of all the wild pranks and antic capers of dame nature, that would be most singular and inexplicable, which should produce that wonderful organization of matter, from which proceed thought and feeling, reason and judgment, desires and hopes, that cannot be satisfied without the assurance of continued existence. It would be a direct violation of the established laws of nature—the production of thought from that which cannot think, and desire from that which is unsusceptible of desire—the production of a consequence without a cause. And admitting God exists—a God of goodness—it would be equally surprising if he should create man with desires and hopes which he never intended to satisfy. Nay, it is false. Even scepticism doubts and laughs at the follies of her own creation. And the whole world tells a better tale. It is heaven alone—the fact

that he is destined to another and better life—that can unravel the mystery of man.

'His immortality alone can solve
That darkest of enigmas, human hope,
Of all, the darkest, if at death we die,'
and die to live no more forever.

It is an argument of a distinguished writer in favor of immortality, that 'for every desire of every faculty, whether in man or inferior animals, there seems a counterpart object in external nature. Let it be either an appetite or a power; and let it reside either in the sentiment, or in the intellectual, or in the moral economy—still there exists a something without that is altogether suited to it, and seems expressly provided for its gratification. There is light for the eyes—there is air for the lungs—there is food for every recurring appetite of hunger—there is water for the appetite of thirst—there is society for love, whether of fame or fellowship—there is a boundless field in all the objects of science for the exercise of curiosity—in a word, there seems not one affection in the living creature which is not met by a counterpart and congenial object in the surrounding creation.' Can we then, for a moment, suppose that man possesses that desire of future life and that hope of future bliss, which are doomed to be swallowed up entirely in the deep and endless sleep of annihilation? The supposition contradicts every thing we know of those established principles of nature, which are brought so clearly to our view in the wise adaptation of external objects to the desires, appetites and capacities of every living thing. The whole creation speaks a different language, not to be misunderstood.—Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge of returning life and immortality.

It is the province of revelation, however, to speak in positive language concerning a resurrection from the slumbers of death. That accords with the faint and feeble voice of nature and confirms the sacred truth. God has revealed the fact by his inspired servants, and his word is confirmed by the resurrection of his anointed Son. 'If there is no resurrection of the dead,' says the apostle of the Gentiles, then is Christ not risen. And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain; and we are found false witnesses of God, because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ, whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not.' 'But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept; for since by man came death, by man also came the resurrection of the dead.' Indisputable evidence of a resurrection of the dead, and of future life and blessedness, is given in the precepts and example of Jesus Christ. If we doubt the fact, we cannot by our unbelief, destroy its truth. We may deprive ourselves of the consolation which it affords—we may render ourselves unhappy during the journey of human life—but it still remains a truth, unchanged and unaffected, alike by our faith, or our unbelief. Though 'the grass withereth and the flower fadeth'—though 'man dieth and wasteth away,' still the resurrection of the Son of God, connected with the doctrines he taught, is demonstration, full and clear, that 'there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the un-

just—that 'as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' Thus we are enabled to look, with some degree of certainty, into the obscurities of the future, and behold our Savior preparing the 'mansions' in his 'Father's house' for our reception; and, though 'it doth not yet appear what we shall be, yet we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.' It is ours by the eye of faith, to behold all creatures of our race emerging from the 'cell of death' into newness of life and enjoyment.

See truth, love and mercy in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom;
On the cold cheek of death, smiles and roses are
blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

Oh! how delightful and transporting is the prospect before us! Here we have the evidence, assurance and prospective view of that which we all desire, however different may be our religious opinions and impressions. And what is better calculated to soothe the sorrows of life, and heal the wounds of the afflicted heart, than the reflection, that the gathering storms and raging tempests will soon pass away, and a day of cloudless glory dawn upon us with all its gay delights and bright effulgence? If aught on earth can mitigate the sorrows we are doomed to endure here below, it is the hope of heaven—'a better and more enduring substance!' How much of our love and gratitude are due to that kind and merciful Father who has brought to our knowledge, an inheritance that is incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away! Trusting in the living God who is the Savior of all men, 'though we walk through the valley of the shadow of death we will fear no evil.' With the rod and the staff of Jehovah to support us, and the prospect of heaven and its joys before us, who would not breathe forth the spirit and temper of the afflicted man of old, in his language of resignation—'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him?'

I know full well the follies and fancies of man—that, though 'formed upright, he hath sought out many inventions.' I am aware that the fearful vision of endless misery has been conjured up to darken and agitate this smiling, sunny scene! I know, too, the misery and despair that have been occasioned by this 'doctrine of devils' and endless woe! Full many a tender plant, and many a towering tree have been torn and scathed by its wintry winds! How many have been hurled from the summit of human happiness—plunged to the lowest depths of misery and buried in its icy sleet! Even those who profess to have obtained 'a hope' are greatly troubled by the startling spectres of this fitful dream. There does indeed, sometimes,

'A joy flash through the trouble of their dream,'

but it is like the sunny day that precedes a storm. It bodes a gathering tempest that is to burst in tremendous ruin and desolation upon the moral universe of God.

I know also the pertinacity and even sincerity, with which this dream is sometimes maintained; as if its advocates really wished it true. But little of the fellow-feeling of men, or of angels, has that person, who, though he may profess to be-

lieve it true, does not sincerely wish it false. And that very wish evinces the inconsistency and insincerity of his faith.

Endless misery! What a monstrous absurdity for those who possess the common sympathies of man! Tell me not that it is true—too fearfully true. The assertion is a libel upon the character of that best of Beings who gave life, and hope, and love to the countless millions of our race?—Every thing in this bountiful creation around us utters a nobler sentiment. It is the voice of reason and revelation that man was made for happiness; and the wise adaptation of external objects to the wants and desires of every living thing proves it true. Who does not desire the final happiness of all mankind? Certainly no one but the veriest misanthrope—nay, the veriest fiend!—And who would suppose, from a view of creation, that this desire of the best of men would be permitted to waste their joy in eternal disappointment? If endless misery is true, it is true of those good men whose benevolence constrains them to desire the ultimate salvation of their fellow men. 'Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' If then God so clothes the field with beauty and glory, who can suppose that he will render a large portion of our race eternally unhappy and inglorious? It is strange—nay, passing strange, that a sentiment so palpably absurd, and so opposed to all that is tender and humane, should have been so generally believed among men. Few, I trust, who have assembled here on this mournful occasion, believe it true—True? We might as well believe the visions of the Arabian Knights, or the dreams of Scandinavian mythology!

The scriptures reveal a higher and nobler destiny for every rational being. By a declaration of the Son of man, we are assured that 'God so loved the world, that he sent his only begotten Son, not to condemn the world but that the world through him might be saved.' And the salvation he came to effect is not confined to a small portion of those who were lost. He 'gave himself a ransom for all men to be testified in due time.' And by the parable of the hundred sheep, we are assured that, while one lost soul remains, he will continue his efforts, until he has found it, and brought it home to the fold of God. The time then will come, when death shall be swallowed up in victory, and 'the ransomed of the Lord shall return to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.'

It is this bright day of unclouded glory in a future world that has power to hush the rising tumults of the afflicted soul. It is this that can light up the smile of joy amidst the tears of woe. It is this that comes with the soft and stilly influences of love, and breathes consolation to those who mourn the loss of friends. It is this that draws us nearer to that kind Father who, in his wisdom, sees fit to take from us those who are near and dear to our hearts. Let this then be the consolation of those who now lament the untimely departure of a beloved daughter, sister, relative and friend. Let them be instructed by the continued kindness of a Father who is in heaven, that their light afflictions, which endure for a mo-

ment, will work for them a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory—that though 'weeping may endure for the night yet joy cometh in the morning.'

No more shall they behold the face, or enjoy the society of the child they loved, and the friend they esteemed in this vale of tears. No more shall her gay smiles and the beam of intellectual light that sparkled in her eye delight their ravished hearts. Her sun of life is set, even in the morning of existence. The places she once occupied in the domestic circle are now left vacant, and, by their tiresome loneliness, they ask, or seem to ask, where is their gifted occupant? No voice responds, except the hollow moans of the passing winds. Go down to the 'city of the dead,' and there the new made grave discloses all that remains of a once gifted and virtuous mind—a fair and lovely, but fragile flower. Oh! what joy there is in the reflection that this gloomy scene—

This partial view of human kind

Is surely not the last—

but that it is to be succeeded by a happy meeting and a more glorious day of eternal and unspeakable bliss. Oh! let the living be entreated to weep not for the dead; for there is rest for them in heaven. There no sorrows arise to mar their enjoyment—there no hopes are doomed to disappointment—there no ties of love are broken, and there no shafts of death are hurled. But God is there—and endless day is there—and love and praise and joy are there—and ransomed souls are there—and there 'the wicked cease from troubling and the many are at rest.' Yea, there the Revelator saw in prospect 'every creature'—all rational beings—purified from sin, sitting around the throne of God, decked in robes of white and having palms in their hands. And there, when 'time shall be no longer,' the many fountains of affliction that diversify this earthly state, shall be swallowed up in the broad sea of divine love; and all mankind shall be instated in a Father's presence, where there is fulness of joy, and at his right hand, where there are pleasures forever more. Father of mercies! 'how excellent is thy loving kindness in all the earth! how rich the full flowing streams of thy saving grace! Oh! who, in the fulness of devout resignation, does not cling to Jehovah, and breathe forth the language, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him?' Let me now come, with the balm of consolation, into the hallowed sanctuary of the mourner's heart, and speak of the excellencies of that rest where friends and brethren meet to part no more forever. O, ye sons and daughters of affliction! dwellers in this vale of mingled joy and woe! let your sorrow be soothed, your grief be assuaged, and your mourning be chastened by these bright hopes of a better world.

Ye good distressed!

Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view—which only saw
A little part, deemed evil—is no more:
The storms of wintry winds will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all.

If Christian sects would pronounce their anathemas against heresies in practice, rather than against heresies in faith; the purity of the Church would be better promoted.

BR. ROGERS' TOUR.

I verily think the Lord takes the more care of a poor fellow for his not knowing enough to take care of himself. At BEDFORD—having expended my very last penny in hiring court rooms, and other places convenient for religious meeting—and having been necessitated to part with my horse at READING, on account of his lameness—I was perplexed to the utmost to know how to get forward in my journey! A hundred miles from Pittsburg—without a penny—credit—or acquaintance. What was I to do? I asked my *wit* the question repeatedly—and all the answer I could get from it was—*nothing!* But Providence took the matter into his own hands—the sheriff of Bedford county must at that very juncture start to Pittsburg with a prisoner—I must by the merest accident hear of this—he must become interested in me at first sight, (as he subsequently informed me he did,) and that interest must induce him to give me a passage, and bear all my expenses, through a journey of three days! Upon my word! if it were not a sin to charge God with taking care of heretics, I should be tempted to think he had some hand in all this!

Conceive me now, riding to Pittsburg in the custody of the sheriff, and seated by the side of a negro State convict! But never mind! 'Variety,' saith the poet, 'is the very spice of life, which gives it all its flavor.' This convict, moreover, was no mean personage after all; being a duly accredited and consecrated member of the *sanctum fratum*—a *bona fide* subject of holy orders—no matter of what sect.

The only places after leaving Harrisburg of which I can make a fair report, are MECHANICSBURG, which contains a free church, and some fifteen hundred inhabitants, and CHAMBERSBURG, with a population of five or six thousand, and decidedly and handsomest inland town in Pennsylvania. My congregations were here large and attentive, but no one offered to relieve me of tavern charges. I could hear, at the different places I visited, of prior visits by Br. Otis A. Skinner, of whose industry and enterprise I have formed a high opinion.

The appearance of egotism cannot well be avoided in this kind of communication—except by substituting the plural *we*: which if I subsisted in *duplicate*—or, like the popular deity, in *triple form*—I should not scruple to do; but I am scarcely an unit, you know, in my physical dimensions, and must therefore be allowed the use of the singular pronoun.

PITTSBURG—if we expect N. York—is the busiest place I ever saw, and—excepting none—it is the strangest. The sunbeams get lost in the superincumbent mass of smoke and vapor, formed by the numerous furnaces and steam engines in the place, and they do not find their way down to the city until the day is one-fourth spent? Pittsburg and its suburbs contain a population of thirty thousand, and are certainly unsurpassed in amount of steam machinery by any town in the western hemisphere.

I have been as well, and as badly used here, as in any place I ever visited. The *friends* to the doctrine are really such; and so are its foes. The line between is very palpable. My first lecture was delivered in the Dutch church—a large and handsome building—the trustees of which were all favorably disposed toward us, till their preacher, getting them together, talked them out of it, in Dutch, and I received word that I could have their house, no longer.

Unsuccessful applications were then made for the Unitarian, African, and Disciples' meeting-houses, and also for the court-house and theatre. At length the concert hall was hired for the purpose, and the meetings in it have been very largely attended. It is very commodious, and will contain about six hundred people. It could have been procured in the first place, but it was feared that the public could not be attracted thither to hear preaching, because of a prejudice against the building—but curiosity, or an interest in the subject, has greatly triumphed over that obstacle. One infallible mark of the rising interest in the subject is, that the number of female attendants has increased with each successive meeting. I have been three weeks in the place, and preached ten lectures, and was under the necessity of being unemployed two Sundays, for lack of a suitable place.

Four of my lectures were delivered in the court-house, which on every occasion was crowded to a disagreeable excess. It is very spacious, and supplied with a semi-circular gallery; and yet great numbers were under the necessity of retiring for want of room—on which account the fears of the *craft* were awakened, and the court-house was closed against me, and opened to a Calvinistic minister living in the place, for the avowed object of affording him an opportunity of attacking me and my doctrines. He is a man who is much respected, and pretends to a great deal of learning.

Well! how do you think he succeeded? I will tell you. His first assault was made on a Sunday evening; and as I had no appointment, I was present. The congregation was very large at the commencement, but it greatly diminished during the progress of the meeting. At the close, he announced that he would continue his strictures on the following Sunday evening—he also had the same fact announced in every paper, and nearly every pulpit in the city. It was not till the following Friday, that I ascertained that I could obtain a place for the coming Sunday; and, therefore, my time and opportunities for diffusing the information were very limited. Sunday evening came—dark and rainy. My opponent's meeting—though in the centre of the city—was *very* thinly attended; mine, on the contrary, was so overwhelmingly crowded that it presented a dense mass of bodies! Need you any farther comment?

Suppose, Br. Skinner, that at the time we were at Elmira together, a Rev. gentleman had stepped up to you as you were entering the court-house desk, and addressing you had said, 'Sir, it is true that the Commissioners have guaranteed to you the right of the house for this evening, and your friends have been at the trouble of notifying the public to that effect, but, Sir, I have since seen them, and have obtained their authority for thrusting you out, and for occupying your place myself, for the laudable purpose of putting you and your doctrine down if possible; you will, therefore, Sir, please notify the audience to that effect.' This kind of conduct would no doubt have given you a very high opinion of the gentleman's modesty, and the justice of the Elmira Commissioners! Exactly thus was I served in Pittsburg!

Now for a picture of one of my meetings in the court-house. A dense mass of human bodies meets my eye in every direction—others are endeavoring to crowd their way in—before me is the lawyer's table, surrounded by keen oppo-

nents, whose ears are pricked up to a nice degree of perception, in the hope of being able, by a close analysis of each sentence, to extract something to their purpose; each has his paper and pen before him in terrible array, as though he thought to scare me with the poet's threat,

'There's ane amang ye takin notes,
Faith an' he'll prent it.'

No sooner commenced my discourse than up jumps one of my clerical opponents, he vociferates that he stands ready to enter the lists of controversy with me, *if a place can be obtained for the purpose*; but, on being asked, confesses that he *knows of no such place*. Still he proposes that argument should be gone into on the next evening. Here another jumps up—'Not to-morrow evening, if you please,' says he, 'I have appointed to preach against Mr. Rogers myself to-morrow evening. I beg, therefore, that you will postpone your commencement till another time.' I now break in upon the litigants for the honor of the first lunge at my heresy, by proceeding with my discourse. I am suffered to go on for about fifteen minutes, during which the doctrines of Calvin—although in a civil way—are handled in a manner not exactly to the old gentleman's liking—he is aroused—and in the disposition in which he burnt Michael Servetus, he raises, by the instrumentality of his children, a terrible row about my ears. 'That fellow ought to be dragged out of the pulpit,' cries one.—'Out with him,' vociferated a second.—'Pull him down,' bawled a third.—'Down with him,' cried twenty voices at once—and then came a shower of petty missiles at my head, buttons, pieces of coal, glass, plaster, &c. A tumbler on the desk before me was broken, but I escaped unhurt. I am not the man to be mobbed down,' said I.—'I would preach the love of God in the dungeons of the Inquisition, or at the martyr's stake—you cannot stop me!'—and they concluded to hear me out through a long discourse, only interrupting by occasional hisses or groans! This is a faithful sketch of one of my meetings in a city noted for piety!—where a meeting was in progress by the Orthodox, which had already lasted some fifty days at least, first by one sect, then by another, and finally, on my arrival, they united in a *pull altogether*, under the title of a *union protracted meeting*! If proof of these facts is wanted, it will be furnished under oath.

While my mouth was stopped for want of a house to preach in, I was busily employed in speaking through my pen. I invited the clergymen of the city, through the papers, to a public discussion of the subject, pledging myself to yield the point entirely, if *one text* could be produced, which, by a fair construction, teaches the doctrine of endless misery. I have also written a work of 24 pp. duodecimo, and am getting two thousand copies printed, on which I had to be employed night and day, in order to supply copy as fast as it was wanted. I have moreover written a subscription for a UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, to be erected at this place. These matters have kept me so busy that I have not even found time to walk over the city, nor to write this second number of my tour till this late moment. I hope I have been guilty of no immodest vanity in the statement of these matters, or that if I have, I may be pardoned on the score of non-intention.

Most affectionately, GEO. ROGERS.

Continual diligence overcometh all things.

INQUIRER AND ANCHOR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1835.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.—Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God. —1st Cor. vi, 9.

At the request of a friend we offer a few comments for the consideration of our readers, upon the above passage of holy writ. In order correctly to understand the passage, it is only necessary to ascertain what is meant by the phrase 'Kingdom of God.' This phrase is used with considerable latitude of meaning. Sometimes it means the Gospel dispensation, embracing all its blessings and joys on earth; as in the following instance. 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand.' Again it is applied to the effects of that Gospel. 'The kingdom of heaven is righteousness and peace and joy in the holy Ghost.' Again it is used for the Church on earth. 'He that heareth my words and doeth them not, the same shall be least in the kingdom of heaven.' We ought perhaps to observe that the phrases 'kingdom of God,' and 'kingdom of heaven' are synonymous. It would require more space and time, than we can at present devote to the subject to enter into a full discussion of the meaning of these phrases. We give the above as the most common signification and at some future period we intend to insert a discourse upon the subject. The reader will observe that the phrase in one of the passages above quoted evidently means no more or less than the church of Christ on earth. This we suppose to be the meaning of the phrase in the text, and our reasons are drawn from the context and from the circumstances to which the apostle applied the subject.

It seems that some of the Corinthian brethren had prosecuted their fellowers before heathen Magistrates. This in Paul's opinion was wrong for they ought to submit the causes of their complaints to the members of their own body for decision, and thus settle their differences among themselves. 'Dare any of you (says he) go to law before an unbeliever?' and then inquires with no small degree of astonishment. 'Is it so that there is no wise man among you? Not one that is able to judge between brethren? But brother goeth to law with brother and that before an unbeliever.' Now let the reader read the context and consider the circumstances of the case, and he will not be at a loss for the true meaning of the passage. Paul was laboring to convince his brethren that they did wrong in going to law before their enemies, and that it were better to submit their difficulties to the church and have them settled there. There were wise men in the church who were able to judge between brethren, and they need not go to law before unbelievers because there were not enough good men in the church, for they ought to know that the unrighteous could not have an inheritance there. This we suppose to be the plain common sense exposition of the passage, and we might dismiss the subject here, were it not for the unwarrantable use which people generally make of the apostle's language.

It is usually supposed that the phrase 'kingdom of God' in the passage refers to a state of immortal blessedness in another world, and hence, the text is quoted in proof of the position that some will be forever excluded from the joys of heaven. Hence again it is frequently set in the front rank of the warfare against Universalism.

But surely any man must be most unpardonably ig-

norant of the sentiments of Universalists, if he supposes for a moment that they believe there will be any unrighteousness or drunkenness in heaven. We do indeed believe that those who now are unrighteous will enter heaven but not until they are changed. We do not believe that a drunkard nor any other man will enter that place until he is thoroughly purged from all sin and made like the angels of God which are in heaven.

If the reader will carefully peruse what follows our text he will find this matter fully illustrated.—The apostle goes on and enumerates as many as ten kinds of abominable characters who cannot inherit the kingdom, and then charges his own brethren with having been guilty of these crimes. His language is, 'And such were some of you, but—But what? They must go to hell? No. But ye are washed. Thus Christians had been partakers of all these vile sins, and yet they are considered candidates for heaven.—What then if a man is now a sinner? Does that prove that he must remain so eternally? By no means. Where then is the objection which the passage presents against the doctrine of universal salvation? It is gone, and men beat the air when they urge it, for we believe in salvation from sin, not in sin. What if the unrighteous shall not enter heaven? Have we not yet learned that Christ cleanseth from all sin? What though sinners cannot enter the mansions of eternal rest? Have we yet to learn that Jesus shall finish sin, make an end of transgression, and bring in everlasting righteousness? Have we yet to learn that he shall change our vile body, by the working of that mighty power whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself? Let it be remembered that the question at issue between us and our opponents, is not whether sinners and unrighteous men shall enter the abodes of the blessed in heaven? But it is whether there shall be any sinners after sin is finished and men are made immortal, in corruptible and glorious? Let any man who considers himself able, gird himself to the work, and prove from the divine word that men will be drunkards and adulterers in another state of existence, and then we will admit that they will be excluded from bliss. But until this is done we shall be content to believe with Paul that 'we shall be changed.'

I. D. W.

BLOOD OF SOULS.—It is stated in the Connecticut Observer, that at the ordination of Rev. J. M. McDonald to the pastoral charge of the 1st Congregational Church in Berlin Ct. Dr. Hawes delivered a sermon from these words;—'When he maketh inquisition for blood he remembereth them.' This passage 'he referred to the judgment, where God will make inquisition for the blood of souls helped forward to ruin by others.' And the blood of souls, says Dr. H. as reported in the Observer, 'will be found, 1 Upon the infidel and sceptic; 2 Disbelievers in future and endless punishment; 3 Those who deny the special influences of the divine spirit, revivals &c; 4 Mere moral men; 5 Unfaithful parents; 6 Unfaithful professors of religion; and 7 Unfaithful ministers of the gospel.'

If the blood of souls is coming upon 'disbelievers in future and endless punishment,' why, in all conscience, does not Dr. Hawes take some pains to convince them that they are wrong? When they so frequently entreat him to point out what he terms their errors, and convict them of wrong views—when they fain would persuade him, with all long suf-

fering, patience and kindness, to show them a better hope and a more safe and sure foundation—why does he treat them with so much coldness and contumely, as if they had no souls to lose, or none, at least, worth saving? Is this honest? Is it characteristic of the true servant of Christ? Is he a faithful minister of the gospel? Believing, as he does, that the blood of souls will be required of those who advocate the final destruction of all sin, the final subjugation, holiness and salvation of all intelligent beings, in case his faith is correct, will he be able to clear his own skirts of the blood of immortal souls? We fear not. Nay; we tremble for him, if his doctrine is true! If the blood of damned souls falls in vengeance on Universalists, a double weight of vengeance will fall on him. Even the very article we are now penning will cry aloud to heaven for vengeance on his head; for he has been repeatedly called upon to show us the errors we may have embraced, and yet he sits in the chief seats of the synagogues, casting upon us a look of unutterable contempt, without deigning to lift a finger to rescue us from this fancied damnation! He can slander us; he can condemn us; he can denounce us as heirs of hell; but where is his love of souls—where his great strength, when called upon to enter with us into a calm investigation of our opinions—to convince us of our errors and persuade us to forsake them? Let him remember what he himself has taught, if he believes it, that upon 'unfaithful ministers of the gospel' will be found 'the blood of souls.'

The blood of souls, he thinks, will be found upon those who deny the special influence of the divine spirit, revivals &c. We more think it will be upon the instigators & movers of these wild scenes of fanaticism and delusion called revivals. Yes, when inquisition is made for blood, vengeance will indeed come in fearful judgments upon their heads. Even now the blood of thousands, brought to despair, insanity and the grave itself, by fiery and extravagant revival measures, calls for a righteous retribution. And the day of vengeance will come, and will not tarry. We are no prophet, but we cannot believe that God will suffer such things to be done with impunity without a day of reckoning—and that, too, more near at hand than the eternal world.

There is one expression in the remarks on which we are commenting, that is not only absurd and ridiculous, but more licentious in its tendency than scepticism itself. It is the idea that mere moral men are leading their fellow men down to hell and staining their own garments with the blood of immortal souls. If this is not giving encouragement to vice and licentiousness, we know not what is. It is equivalent to saying that mere morality is of no consequence. Convince men of this, and who would have any desire, or inducement to live virtuous lives? If moral men must be damped while self righteous bigots enjoy salvation, poor indeed is the encouragement to act on the principles of uprightness and moral virtue. We entreat Dr. Hawes not to charge licentiousness upon Universalists, so long as he maintains such notions as this. True, it is an opinion frequently maintained, but it is not the less erroneous on account of its general prevalence. 'He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' What is this but the exercise of moral principle? Even in piety, and devotion, and divine worship—in prayer, and praise, and gratitude, there is moral feeling in-

volved. To discard morality then is to discard the very principle which makes us accountable beings, and renders our devotion acceptable to God. We do wish that men would pay more regard to the inculcation of morality, and let alone those silly mysteries which cannot be understood, and if understood, could do no one any real good. And we should suppose that such a man as Dr. Hawes might be engaged in better business than to go about preaching against morality. There is wickedness enough in the world already without his labor to increase it. R. O. W.

SOMETHING NEW.—Our Limitarian brethren of the 'old school' in this city (Albany) have commenced operations for a revival. The Methodists, Baptists and 'new school' Presbyterians, have been engaged with unusual zeal for some time past, and report says, they have made many converts. Now there is nothing which has been more abominated or more often cursed by the old measure men, than these new measures.

Dr. Sprague has delivered and published a course of Lectures upon the subject in which he handles his 'new measure brethren' without gloves. Friends Campbell and Ferris have also, as we are told, lifted a warning voice against the protracted meeting system, and its kindred measures. But 'a change has come over the spirit of the dream.' These men who but a short time since were wonderfully opposed to protracted meetings are said now to be engaged in this same work with nearly as much zeal as those who have gone before them. To be sure they have baptized their bantling with a new name and put on a new dress, but after all, the *thing* is about the same. They are called, we believe 'Union Meetings,' and the mode of operation is something as follows. A meeting is held one day in the 3d Dutch Reformed Church, the next in the 1st Presbyterian, the next in the 2d Dutch Reformed, &c. &c. By this means they will manage to have a supply of partialism in the market, and hold meetings every day, for some time, without increasing the odium of holding a 'protracted meeting' against which they railed so much. By this means they will probably attempt to fill up their ranks so as to keep along with those who hold protracted meetings.

This is a new mode of procedure, and it might be well for these brethren to change names.

The 'old school' should henceforth be called the 'new school,' and vice versa. But these things must needs be, and we are comforted with the reflection, that though the devil may now have come down with great wrath, it is only 'because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.' I. D. W.

NECESSARY CONSEQUENCE.—Arminians and Calvinists claim that their respective systems of religious faith are true; and they profess to go to the Bible for proof, and even deem it heresy for any one to doubt them. And, though these systems are so very similar as to carry about them evidence of having sprung from the same common source; yet they are considered by their respective advocates as being widely different and discordant; inasmuch that they have served as a bone of bitter contention between the two parties, when there was no other object against which they could direct their contentious spirit. There may, indeed, be a trifling difference between them, but one would not suppose that this was so very essential, as to give rise to the bitter animosities which it seems to have occasioned.

But whether they are similar or dissimilar, there is something very singular about them. A union of some of the prominent features of both systems, produces the monstrous—or what to them appears the monstrous—issue, which the advocates of both denominate infidelity! Both claim to have truth on their side, and both support their claims, in some points at least, by the incontestable testimony of the word of God. It is very sin-

gular, therefore, that what is so manifestly false and absurd as infidelity, should proceed from that which is so clearly demonstrated as truth.

To be more explicit, Arminians contend that the design of God in the salvation of men, is universal—that all were designed for happiness in a future state, and every necessary measure was taken to accomplish that object. All this is very correct and supported by the unquestionable evidence of holy Writ. The apostle tells us God *will*—and that will expresses design—'God will have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth.'

The Calvinist, on the other hand, believes that the will of God is his purpose, and that his purposes must, and surely will, be accomplished. All whose salvation God desires, designs, or purposes will, without fail, be sanctified and reach the blissful inheritance. This, too, is very correct, and well attested by the word of God—that word which 'goeth forth out of his mouth and shall not return void, but shall accomplish that which he please, and shall prosper in the thing whereto he sent it.'

Now combine these opinions in one system, and what is the result of such an affinity? Monstrous, indeed, to the supporters of each!—no less than rank and downright infidelity! It is infidelity, then, to unite two opinions which it is almost impossible to separate! It is infidelity to embrace and combine the sentiments of those who are continually quarrelling among themselves to keep up a division, but who unite, heart and hand, in most bitter opposition against the natural and legitimate result of their own opinions. Well, be it so; then we who believe must be content to bear the charge of being infidels. But we think it very ungenerous and unjust for our brethren of 'another gospel' to disown and denounce the fruit of all that is good, and true, and lovely in their own systems. We would that they would adopt some other measures to convince us of what they are pleased to term our errors. But in doing this they must prove that they themselves have embraced erroneous sentiments. It is matchless logic which in proving another's system false demolishes their own! If they are unwilling to do this, they will please to bear with us, if we embrace and maintain the natural result of their own opinions. R. O. W.

WEST BRATTLEBORO VT.—We are informed that Br. Charles Woodhouse of Lansingburgh N. Y. has received and accepted an invitation from the Society at West Brattleboro', to become their pastor. He will remove to that place and commence his labors about the middle of May next. We pray that the blessing of him who walketh in the midst of the golden candlesticks may rest upon pastor and people, and converts to the truth be multiplied as the drops of morning dew. I. D. W.

METHODIST MONARCHIAL.—In the last number of the Christian Intelligencer we find an extract of an editorial article in reference to church discipline that originally appeared in the Wesleyan Journal, a Methodist paper published in Maine. It savors very strongly of that domineering, aristocratical spirit for which Methodists, when rocked in the cradle of prosperity, are so distinctly characterized. They profess and unquestionably feel, a great share of humility, where they are unpopular and despised on every hand; and would not, for all the world, as they feel in their abasement, do to others as they are done by, even if they had the power. But the moment the current of popularity turns and they get the reins into their own hands, they do not hesitate, with the most unblushing impunity, to play the part of the wicked Hazael. Though in their weakness and hu-

mility, they are ever ready to inquire 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' yet—whether dogs or not—they do the very thing, whenever they can get sufficient power into their own hands to accomplish it. We need not go far to find full and living evidence of the haughty and lordly spirit of Methodists in their prosperity. It is then that they wish to bear rule with an iron hand; and then we see occasional expressions of their opinions and feelings in language like the following. Perhaps we may be thought severe in our remarks; but every day of our lives, and almost every circumstance that falls under our observation relative to this increasing sect, does but add to our conviction of their truth. And it cannot, very reasonably, be expected that such remarks as follow, will tend to weaken that conviction. 'The writer,' says the Intelligencer, 'describes two theories—the Congregational, and Episcopal, the republican and monarchical principles of church government—the latter of which, of course he prefers.'

'Some hold that the origin of the disciplinary power, like the civil power, is inherent in the people, and may be exercised by them, or be delegated to the pastor and officers of the Church in conjunction, and exercised by them, subject to the final approval of the Church [or people;] others believe that the power to teach and to rule are simultaneously conferred, and that he who is authorized to explain the precepts of the Gospel [that is, a preacher,] is also commissioned to enforce obedience to those precepts by scripture motives and measures. Nothing can be more plain than that in all those cases respecting which the scriptures give explicit directions—and they are not few—it is the pastor's duty to proceed accordingly, and what he thus 'binds on earth,' is doubtless 'bound in heaven.'

'That is to say'—says the Editor of the Intelligencer, commenting on the paragraph above—'that is to say the Methodist clergy have, *jure divino*, the power to rule their people; and the cases are 'not few' where it is their duty to 'bind on earth,' with the assurance that their binding is ratified in heaven for all eternity! This Methodist preacher claims for his Hierarchy, boldly, all which the Roman Catholic church ever claimed—the right to bind on earth and in heaven—a practice which has made the Pope most odious, and which should render the Methodist Bishopric equally so.

BR. ROGERS TOUR.—We have deferred the publication of several original articles for the purpose of giving place this week to the account, from the Magazine and Advocate, of Br. G. Rogers tour through the western part of Pennsylvania. His reception and treatment at Pittsburg by the self-styled orthodox is most disgraceful. We could not have believed that there was so much heathenism in the whole United States as was manifested towards him at that place. We would call the special attention of our readers to the article—not to have them abhor, but pity the deluded actors in this shameful scene, and make increased exertions to deliver them from the bondage of error, and delusion, and bigotry in which they are involved.

UNIVERSALIST INSTITUTES.—We perceive, by our exchange papers, that a very general and increasing interest is felt on the subject of young men's Universalist Institutes. Since the publication of the address relative to the young men's Institute in Philadelphia, there have been several others organized in

different places. We learn from the Trumpet that there has been one formed recently in Roxbury Mass. and one likewise Marlboro Mass. We are happy to see these nurseries of information increasing. They speak well of the character and enterprize of our young men. May the Lord bless them.

SOUTHERN EVANGELIST.—We have received the first number, vol. 2, of this publication. It is some what improved in its appearance and general character. It is still conducted by Br. L. F. W. Andrews, who was formerly connected with the Religious Inquirer. The following is an extract from the prospectus.

The Second Volume of this Publication will as heretofore be published monthly, in folio form, and printed in new type, a portion of which will be smaller than that now used. It will advocate the doctrine of the final holiness and happiness of the whole human race, and oppose all contrary and partial systems. It will especially devote its columns to the communication of doctrinal precepts and religious intelligence of interest to the Universalists of the Southern States, whose patronage is respectfully solicited, as well as that of our Western and Northern brethren, who feel a wish for the general diffusion of our holy faith throughout the land.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance for one copy, Five Dollars in advance for six copies, and in that proportion for a greater number.

REV. E. K. AVERY.—A memorial signed by many citizens we understand has recently been presented to the Legislature of Ohio, praying that the notorious E. K. Avery, whose name will be handed down to the latest posterity as connected with the murder of Sarah Maria Cornell, be appointed chaplain to the Penitentiary of that State. It appears that an act had passed that body creating the office of chaplain to the State Prison; and Rev. E. K. Avery was deemed, by the memorialists, a suitable person to fill the office, and hence the petition. But when the question was finally taken, it appears he lost his election. The majority of the Legislature, probably, did not duly consider that he could preach from *experience* that 'the way of the transgressor is hard.'

'A MIRROR.'—We understand by the last Watchman that the notorious Burchard is still in Vermont carrying on his mad crusade against reason, common sense and common decency. Br. R. Streeter of Woodstock—who by the way is generally in the very place where he should be—thinks that his evil work ought to be 'open before him to judgment, rather than to 'follow after,' & be lamented & condemned when he has gone. Consequently he has written and nearly completed the publication of a pamphlet of about one hundred pages, designed to show the 'management and duplicity' of this hollow hearted wretch. He says,

'I shall show that Mr. Burchard is as heartless as a play actor, and as subtle and cunning as a serpent. That, notwithstanding his mild, liberal measures, at first, where the circumstances require it, he grows worse and worse, till at length, he denounces all, who do not believe in the TRINITY, as 'murderers and worse than MURDERERS.' He mentions, 'Christians, Unitarians, Socinians, Universalists, Restorationists, Campbellites, &c. and says that they are worse than murderers, and ought and will be sent to eternal hell.' This is no exaggeration;

it is not the beginning of his sweeping declarations.'

This pamphlet is designed to give a history of his proceedings, and a specimen of his sermons prayers &c; and be circulated where this marauder and daring violator of public feeling intends to travel, that people may catch a glimpse of his matter and manner and not be disappointed when he actually arrives. We hope and presume, it will tend in some measure to stay the desolating current of fanaticism.

TO OUR AGENTS.—We are under obligations of gratitude to those friends of ours who in different sections of country have interested themselves in our behalf. The valuable accessions to our list of subscribers which they have enabled us to make, encourage us to perseverance, and we hail with pleasure, such flattering and solid testimonials of an increase of public confidence and interest in our humble endeavors to spread the truth. We could name a goodly number to whom we are much indebted for their successful exertions in our behalf; but we barely say to one and all, they have our thanks; and we shall endeavor so to conduct our paper that they may not have reason to regret their instrumentality in gaining it a more extended circulation. Meantime we shall be happy to receive a continuance of their efficient aid, and with it we indulge the most sanguine hopes of success, in rendering our establishment permanently useful to ourselves and our holy cause.

UNIVERSALIST CONFERENCE IN SCHENECTADY.—A conference of Universalist Clergymen was held in this city on the 25th and 26th ult. Sermons were preached by Brs. Leach, Gurley, Woodhouse, Marvin and Williamson; and on the evening of the 26th, the Eucharist was administered by Br. Whitcomb, to a number of believers in the great salvation. Br. Belding was also present, and took part in the interesting services of the occasion. The services were fully attended, and listened to with much interest, and we hope, profit, to those that heard.

T. J. W.

DUANESBURGH, N. Y.—We are informed that Br. Henry Belding, of Gloucester Mass., has received and accepted an invitation from the Universalist Society, in Duanesburgh, N. Y. to become their pastor. He will remove to that place immediately. He desires all letters and papers intended for him to be directed to Eaton's Corners, Schenectady Co. N. Y.

The good word of the kingdom has flourished in that quarter under the labour of Br. Marvin, and we doubt not it will continue to prosper.

I. D. W.

A STRANGE THING.—We stated a few weeks ago that Rev. Mr. Slocum, a Presbyterian Clergyman, had delivered a course of lectures on the *Difficulties of Universalism*, in the Orchard Street Universalist Church, New York, to which Br. Sawyer replied. When these were closed Br. Sawyer proposed delivering a course on the *Difficulties of Endless Misery*, to which Mr. Slocum was invited to reply. He accepted the invitation and the course was completed a short time since.

BR. D. COOPER.—We understand that Br. D. Cooper, who for some time past has suspended his labors in the ministry in consequence of ill health, has again resumed the work of ministering in spiritual things. We rejoice in this, for he is a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

R. O. W.

His Excellency Governor Foot of Connecticut has appointed Friday 17th inst. to be observed as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer.

THE GREATEST ENEMIES.—Br. Rayner inquires, Who are the greatest opposers of the progress of Universalism? and answers,—Those whose disposition and conduct are at utter variance with the holy principles and spirit of the doctrine. A drunken, swearing, gambling, malicious man, professing Universalism, is the greatest enemy of the doctrine. True.—*Chris. Int.*

NEW YORK CITY.—Universalism is increasing greatly in New York. It is but a short time since Br. LeFevre was invited to settle over a new society in that city, and now the same society is engaged in erecting a house of worship, the cost of which is estimated at forty thousand dollars. It will have one of the most desirable locations in this city, at a cost of between eleven and twelve thousand dollars. 'So mightily grew the word and increased.' *ib.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We must crave the indulgence of our valuable correspondents, especially those who have favored us with poetical effusions. They shall all be attended to in due season. C. W. and T. J. W. are acknowledged. The articles of Br. A. Clark and Br. Sadler will be inserted next week. The questions of Br. W. Allen were accidentally mislaid; they shall be attended to soon.

The article of Br. J. Shrigley in reference to a Methodist in Broad Brook, we have concluded not to admit into our columns. Though the individual to whom it chiefly relates, may have departed widely from the spirit of his Master—though he may have been abusive and inconsistent, contradictory even in his own statements; yet, to use a borrowed figure, he is not worth the ammunition spent against him. Even his own friends have no confidence in him.

Religious Notices.

A Lecture to Young Men, will be delivered in the Universalist Church, in this city, (Hartford) next Sabbath evening.

A discourse will be delivered in the Universalist Church in Berlin in the afternoon of the 2d Sunday in April, in reference to the death of the late Hon. Samuel Hart.

Br. W. A. Stickney will preach in Burlington the 3d Sunday in April and a lecture at New Hartford Centre in the evening.

Br. J. Shrigley will preach at the School house near Col. Samuel Norris' in Suffield on the 1st Sunday in May. Subject, 'The new birth.'

Br. R. O. Williams will preach at Broad Brook on the 2d Sunday in April.

Br. Fordyce Hitchcock will preach in Cheshire at the school house near Mr. Russel Miles next Sunday and in Wolcottville the following Sunday.

POETRY.

The School Companion's Farewell.

BY MISS LOUISA S. GRISWOLD.

Original.

The leaf is withered. Time has rolled away,
And sober autumn clad in rich array
Has come. Nor does the sun shed beams less bright,
Yet milder, softer is the radiant light.
The flowers so fair, and golden fruits still show
The seasons full perfection where they grow.
Now graceful bends the stalk with golden ears,
And nature, in most splendid robe appears.
The leaves are sear and fallen—where they lie
No brighter view could greet the gazer's eye.
And now no more spring's melodies are heard.
The thrilling lays of every tuneful bird,
And summer's warm and fragrant air, are gone;
A wiser lesson hath each hollow moan,
Which bids us think on death, and on decay,
Showing that all things fair must pass away,
Teaching this lesson to the youthful mind—
Like spring to open, and expand with time;
And, when the autumn of our lives, steals on,
Knowledge will last, though youth and health are gone.

Since first within these friendly walls we met,
One star* of youthful genius bright, has set;
But not in the oblivious sleep of death,
And hope for her we nurse while life and breath
Remain. Dear friend! may He who heal'd the blind
Remove the darkness which enwraps thy mind—
Restore thy health, and peace and comfort send—
These are the wishes of each schoolmate friend.
Many bright hours since first we met have passed,
Treasured on memory's tablet there to last.
For we have urged our feeble steps aloft
The rugged hill of science, (tiring oft)
Like loving sisters. Oh! may friendship's chain
Which binds our hearts, unsevered long remain.

Our grateful thanks we give to her whose care
Has been to elevate the soul—our minds prepare
For future usefulness. We'll oft recall
The bright example of our teachers—all;
For they have been to us so kind and good,
Nought can repay but lasting gratitude.

And now we part.—Time will not soon efface
These youthful scenes; but oft shall we retrace
The joys of by-gone days, when far away—
(Pass'd like a dream which vanishes with day)
And feel—if oceans should between us roll—
They cannot change our sympathy of soul.

Let these, our parting words, our wishes tell;
'Farewell, and if forever, still farewell!'

*This alludes to a young lady connected with the same school which Miss G. attended who became deranged and was taken to the Insane Retreat in this place.

Brief Sketch.

[The following brief sketch, though originally designed by Br Woodhouse for publication, he requested to have withheld. We have presumed on his indulgence so far as to insert it, omitting however the parts which contained his reasons for withholding it.]

Born and educated, after the strictest sect, a Calvinist, I thought and believed no sentiment of religious faith true, save that which consigns the largest portion of my fellow creatures to the burning flames of an eternal hell. My eyes were opened, in consequence of attending a Bible class taught in the city of Albany, by a Doctor of Divinity of the partialist faith.

The class began with the book of Genesis, and our teacher took it upon himself to expound the words of holy Writ to us; but I thought I

discovered things very unfair in him, inasmuch as he appeared to delight in commenting upon every text, which his ingenuity could twist into an eternal curse, and pass by those passages which contained blessings for the whole human family. The gracious promise made to Abraham, repeated to Isaac, and confirmed to Jacob, was passed over without a word of comment. This I considered strange—passing strange.—I thought I discovered in these promises, blessings of some kind for all men; and wondered that the minister should not deem them worth a comment. My wonder was increased, when I found by consulting Paul, that these promises were the gospel. And still more was I astonished, when I found by reading my Bible, that the 'seed of Abraham' was none other than Jesus Christ 'the Savior of the world.' I asked myself 'when are these universal blessings to be bestowed upon all?' and I could fix upon no time save that spoken of by the Apostle, viz. 'And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that did put all things under him, that God may be all in all.' Then thought I, the 'poor heathen' can be blest in Christ, and all participate in the free gift of God.

One thought produced another, and I began to doubt the doctrine of the endless misery of any. There were no Universalists to whom I could go for information, that I knew, but I read my Bible, and seldom closed it without finding something to strengthen my suspicions as to the truth of the doctrine of endless woe. My prejudices prepossessions throw many obstacles in my way; but I found that the more I read, the more true Universalism appeared, and Partialism more erroneous.

But, to be short—by perusing the Bible, I became firmly established in that belief which enables me to 'rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory,' and to the defence of which I have solemnly resolved to devote my remaining days.
C. W.

Jesus Wept.

What a touching idea does this short text convey of the melting tenderness and warm affection of our affectionate Saviour. He wept, because the tomb had shrouded his friend from his sight, though he knew that at the sound of his all quickening voice, the icy fetters which bound him would be broken, and he would walk forth to life, light, and liberty.

Let the votaries of a chilling philosophy stifle every warm and tender emotion, until they have no longer any to stifle; let apathy and selfishness take entire possession of their souls; let them look on the dying agonies of a friend without sympathy; and follow him to his lonely grave without tears—but such a revolting system should not come nigh me, since the Saviour of a lost world has exhibited, in his holy and blessed life, all its lovely charities in their highest perfection, being without sin. He not only permits us to weep when friends depart, but has himself consecrated the tears we shed, by weeping at the grave of Lazarus. But though we sorrow, it must be in submission; our grief must be calm and subdued, like that of the Saviour. We may often go to their graves and weep, but the spot should be chiefly precious to us, because there we may hold more tender and intimate communion with Him, who has hallowed the grave with his presence, has now the keys of death, and with his mighty arm

will surely unlock the prison house in which our loved ones repose. Oh, to what high and heavenly hopes has he begotten us again by his gospel! Ever since the day in which he raised Lazarus from the dead, have his followers had the pledge and assurance, that in the morning of the resurrection, they, with their friends, shall be raised to the life immortal.

Let us, then, when weeping over the grave of a beloved friend,

'Which from his voice, his hand his smile,
Divides us but a little while,'

comfort ourselves with the thought of the blending compassion of our Great High Priest, who is touched with the feelings of our infirmities.—Let us not feel it wrong to weep, for 'Jesus wept.' Above all, let us humble ourselves under his chastening hand, feeling that his tenderness never would have permitted him to afflict us, had he not seen that we greatly needed correction. Let us pray that the death of friends may bind our hearts more closely to him who is the resurrection and the life. Let us resolve, through his grace assisting, that we will no longer cling so closely to the perishing things of earth, but cleave more entirely, in body, soul and spirit, to him, who, if we are faithful unto death, will finally give us a crown of life.
Lond. Home Missionary Magazine.

To a young Infidel who scoffed at Christianity because of the misconduct of some of its professors, the late Dr. Mason said, 'Did you ever know an uproar to be made because an infidel went astray from the paths of morality! the infidel admitted that he had not. 'There,' said Dr. M. 'Don't you see that by expecting its professors to be holy, you admit Christianity to be a holy religion; and thus you pay it the highest compliment in your power?'

Marriages.

In this City, (Hartford) on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Hawes, Mr. JAMES E. DIXON, Printer, to Miss OLIVE HALE, both of this City.

Deaths.

In Duquesburgh, Schenectady co. N. Y. on the 19th ult. Mr. Silas Hatch in the 49th year of his age. It fell to the lot of Mr. Hatch to drink deep of the cup of affliction. For a number of years he has suffered much under a disease which at last terminated his earthly existence. But all his affliction was born with the patience and fortitude of a martyr. He murmured not at the present and he feared not the future. To his worth and virtues all who were acquainted with him will bear testimony. A sermon was delivered, at the funeral, to a large number of sympathizing friends, by the writer from Matt. v. 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.'
L. C. M.

In N. York, on Friday, the 27th ult. Charlotte Elizabeth daughter of Anthony J. Quackenbush, late of the city of Albany, aged 17 years. In the death of this cherished child a father and mother are called to mourn the loss of their first-born. Short but intense was the period of her sufferings. Not more than four months since, she was enjoying a perfect state of health, when a sudden cold was followed by a rapid decline. The latter stages of her sickness, her bodily distress was extreme, but she endured it with a degree of fortitude beyond her years. She wept not, she murmured not; but seemed to forget her own pain, in the anguish which she saw in her sorrow-stricken parents. She had been brought up in the belief of a world's salvation, she calmly awaited the summons which called her hence, and resigned her pure spirit with full assurance of blessedness into the hands of Him who gave it. Thus was she 'cut down like a flower' but a remembrance of her virtues has left an enduring fragrance. May the God of all compassion, administer to the afflicted parents and sisters the consolations of his grace!